

# The Middlebury Register.

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## The Middlebury Register

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2. If subscribers under the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them till all that is due is paid.

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4. Subscribers move to other places, without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The editor has decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and evading his notices, is prima facie evidence of bad faith.

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### UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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Organized at Hartford, Connecticut, September, 1849.

INSURED CAPITAL \$100,000.

General Agent for Vermont.

L. G. BINGHAM, Williston.

To whom applications may be sent from any part of the State.

CENTRAL OFFICE OF THE AGENCY, EAST SIDE OF COURT HOUSE SQUARE, BURLINGTON, Vt.

N. WARD, M. D., Medical Examiner.

Applications may be made at any time at the office.

Agents, if selected, furnished, at the expense of either of the following gentlemen, Agents and Medical Examiners in the County.

ADDISON COUNTY.

AGENTS.—Cyrus Bings, County Agent, Montpelier; Ezra Jones, Brattleboro; Horace Simonds, Woodstock; Chester Stevens, Castleton; Capt. Lemuel A. Bliss, Putney; Silas W. Hinckley, Putney; Joel Rice, Brattleboro; David E. Page, Stow; Nathan Clark, Gorham; C. W. Hart, Woodstock; G. E. Stowe, Brattleboro; Chas. D. Smith, W. G. Ellis, Woodstock; F. W. Pease, W. H. Hinckley, Woodstock; John Fox, Bellowsford.

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ON THE MUTUAL PLAN.

This company will insure at the usual rates, and in every case claim the superiority of its mutual system.

Disturbing only our own administration from the Mutual Insurance Fund, instead of the entire expense of the Company, insures it.

Still giving you certificates of profits each year, in full in each case two hundred thousand dollars, and saving considerable interest in capital, seek no better investment for your money.

In addition to the usual Mutual Fund interest I received from the Mutual Insurance Fund, and all the revenue from the Joint Stock Insurance is pledged for the payment of losses.

ON THE JOINT STOCK PLAN.

The rates are reduced one third the amount charged on the mutual plan—the Company taking only what it costs, to insure life insurance and annuities given to the public, and paying more than an equivalent sum into the fund, paying back a portion of one's own *money-making* it so much profit.

The greatest advantage of this mode of insurance over the mutual plan may be thus illustrated.—Suppose a father, at the age of twenty-five, invested a thousand dollars in the joint stock plan for insurance of his life. On the Mutual plan it will secure him a policy of one thousand dollars. On the Joint Stock plan the same twenty-five dollars will secure him a policy of one thousand and five hundred dollars.

ON LIFE AND HEALTH COMBINED.

These rates are favorable to the insured as well as to the company will permit. Insurance in this form is of great importance to all who have others depending on them for support.

CALIFORNIA LIFE RISKS,

taken at LOWER RATES than any other Company.

This is owing to the fact that the rates on the joint stock plan of this Company are *one third less* than on Mutual Companies generally.

Many young men are here, and are anxious about their lives, and raising their funds to go to California with, by borrowing, against their properties.

The Harvard Life and Health Insurance Company is among the few companies whose success is unprecedented by that of any other.

This great elephant of a farmer stands, lifting up his face, and laughing in the moonlight—the tall, thin Captain Jenkinson, and tall, stout Farmer Field, with his huge striped waistcoat ready to burst with fury and indignation, and his great stick in his hand.

What is that you, Captain? My eyes! What was that you a talking to our Anne?

“Yes, friend Field, it is I. It is the Captain that was talking to your adorable Anne; here I am ready to marry her with your consent, for never shall woman be my wife but your charming Anne!”

How that great elephant of a farmer stands, lifting up his face, and laughing in the moonlight! How those Herculean limbs do shake with laughter! But now, as the tears stream down his face, he squeezes the youth's hand, and says—“Who would have thought it, Captain, eh? Ha! Ha! Well, we're all young and foolishness in our lives; but come, no more on’t—it won’t do, Captain; it won’t do.”

THE BULL RACE.—The two bulls are “going it” rapidly over the British course; just now spectators are unable to decide which will get ahead—John Bull or the Pope’s.—*Boston Post*.

### The Ship in Fort.

BY C. PERCYAL.

The celebrated odes of Horace, “Ad Republicam,” paraphrased to suit the times.

Safe, once again, in port,

Our vessel freighted with our hopes and fears,

Shattered and rent each spar and sail appears—

Too long of, turns the sport!

Upon the angry wave,

Far out at sea, we saw thee madly tossed,

Fearing e’er moment we met see thee lost,

Without the power to save.

To view thee safe again,

Our terror stricken hearts with joy it cheered,

Though all the winds that raged our anxious

Are brooding o’er the main. [Dems]

“Won’t do! won’t do! why shouldn’t it do, Farmer, why shouldn’t it do?”

“Why because it won’t, and that’s why, A Captain and old Farmer Field’s last! Ah! ah! ah! What will lady Jenkinson say, eh? the Honorable Captain Jenkinson and the daughter of old Farmer Field! What’ll they say, eh? Say I’m a cunning old codger; say I’ve trapped you, belike. No, no—they shan’t say so, not a man Jack of ‘em shall say that old Farmer Field palmed his daughter off on a gentleman to his home and lands. No Anne’s a right lass, and John Wright will come in the right time; and when you are married to my Lady Fitzespeology, and Anne’s got the right man, come down, Captain, and be a pleasant, and set up your horses and your dogs here, and we’ll have a regular merrymore, and another good laugh at your foolish follies!”

But all won’t do. The Captain vows he’ll sheet all the old grandsons of a row, and tell his mother she may shoot him, if it make any opposition; and the very same night he sticks a note on the end of his folding rod and tugs with it at Anne’s little window with the diamond pane, in the old gold; and Anne, jumping from the easy chair, looks out, seizes the paper, clasps her hands, casts down a most affectionate but inconsolable look, and sighs an eternal adieu! then dying to read the note—finds the Captain vowed that she may clear up all shall go right; that he shall mantually drown himself in the mill-pond.”

Now, there is a pretty situation of affairs! and all through incantingly wandering into the country, of a summer’s evevning, and getting into one of those old-fashioned farm-houses. It would serve them all right to leave them in their trouble. It might set as a warning to others, and place the daughters of the country in their genuine light. But as the Captain would be almost certain to drown himself in the millpond, he is so desperate, and then there must be a corner’s importunity, and then again, at a very inconvenient moment, he called upon it, we will for this once let things pass—all shall be right.

The guardians relent because they cannot help themselves; Lady Jenkinson bounces a good deal, but, like all bodies of a certain specific gravity, she comes down. The adorable Anne is not drowned in her own pocket handkerchief, though she has been very near it, and the “Times” announces that the Honorable Charles Jenkinson, of the Light Dragoons, was married on the 7th inst. to Anne Louisa, the only daughter of Burley Field, Esq., of Sycamore Grange, Salop.

A Country Girl.

The farm-houses are dangerous places. Let no man with a poetical imagination, which is but another name for a very fiery heart, flatter himself with fancies of the calm delights of the country—with the scenes of life of the farmer, with his wife and his children, with his corn and manure—of joining him of October—of listening to the group of the comfortable farmer’s wife, of the parson and his family, with his sermons and his Sabbath pig, over a fragrant cup of strong tea, and a fairy vision of wondrous witchery, and with a courtesy and a smile, of a winning and mysterious magic, takes her seat just opposite.

It is the Farmer’s daughter! a lively creature of eighteen. Fair as the lily—fresh as the dew—roy as the rose itself—graceful as the peacock perched on the pales that were by the windows—sweet as the posy of violets and clove violets—modest as the early morning, and amiable, as your own idea of Desdemona or Ophelia of Wyoming.

You are fast! It’s all over with you. I would not give an empty billet or a fragrant strawberry for your posy of mind, if that glittering creature be not as pitiful as a poor, pretty and nily, to every female modesty so far as to lay themselves at his feet.

For a long time his mind had been affected with the degraded condition of his African brethren. After mature reflection and observation, his thoughts turned to the British settlement at Sierra Leone. In 1815, finding his property sufficient to warrant the undertaking, he embarked in his own brig, manned entirely by persons of color, and sailed to the land of his forefathers. While at Sierra Leone, he was treated with great kindness by the governor and the principal residents, and he proposed to them a number of improvements. From thence, he sailed to England where he met with much respect and attention. This mission of inquiry was entirely at his own expense—a sure indication that it was prompted by a genuine benevolence.

He was very desirous on reaching this country of returning to Africa, but was prevented by the occurrence of war between England and America.

In 1815, however, just a year before the formation of the American Colonization Society, he made preparation and took on board his brig thirty-eight persons—thirty-four of whom he carried gratuitously at an expense of \$3,000—and after a voyage of fifty-five days from Boston arrived safe at Sierra Leone. His stay there was about two months, and when he took leave, particularly of those whom he had brought over, it was like a father leaving his children. He reached New Bedford in due season, and while making arrangements for a third voyage he was seized with the complaint which terminated his labors and his life. He died in the autumn of 1846, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, leaving an estate valued at \$20,000.

He was a man of great personal beauty, and had a kind heart.

“I am also permitted to mention, as an auspicious circumstance, in the same connection, that the present Secretary of State (Mr. Webster) has recently given the most satisfactory evidence of his views upon this subject, by proposing arbitration for the settlement of a long vexed question between the United States and Portugal.

“Mrs. Weber’s figure, being unusually tall and straight, is well adapted to masculine costume. She dresses in Paris fashion, generally in a black dress coat, with pantaloons to correspond; though I have seen her in the evening wear a stylish blue coat, enriched with lustrous plain gilt buttons, and small clothes of a light color. Her vest is of buff cassimere, with a row of flat surface gold buttons, perfectly plain, but exquisitely polished; this is the only style of vest that she ever wears. Her hair is cut short. She is about twenty-four years of age, and is possessed of a beautiful face, and her manners are strictly lady-like. She enjoys the friendship of the great and good of both sexes. Unlike most learned ladies, she is full of satirical and unflagging merriment; but her every word, look and action is characterized with the most refined womanly delicacy.”

She has an excellent form, the business of which she manages in person; and, by all accounts, her farming operations have proved to be a steady source of profit and pleasure to her.

Her family consists of a widowed mother, with two female cousins, between fifteen and twenty-five years of age.

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